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Long have the billows beat thee, long the flood
Rush'd o'er thy pillar'd rocks, ere life a-
dorn'd
Thy broken surface, e're the yellow moss,
Had tinted thee, or the soft dew of
Heaven
Crown'd thee with verdure, or the eagles
made
Thy caves then any—
So in after time
Long shalt thou rest unaltered 'midst the wreck
Of all the mightness of human works.
For not the lightning, nor the whirlwind's
force,
Nor all the waves of ocean shall prevail
Against thy giant strength, and thou
shalt stand
'Till that almighty voice which bade thee
rise
Shall bid thee fall.

TO PLEISKIN;

THE billows break around thee, and thy
tints
Enrich the bosom of the Ocean-wave;
Wild is thy broken outline, where the
curve
Of varied beauty, and the abrupt sublume,
Impress a mingled feeling. The wild storm
That whitens thy foundations, troubles not
Even with its lightest spray, its top-most
crag,
Such is thy loitiness, thy Giant form
Supreme; thy majesty; yet still enhanc'd
By wondrous semblances, closely allied
To perfect art; displaying such design
As kindled in the great creative mind
Of him whose genius warm in life and
power,
From all the elements that nature gave,
Of grand or lovely, with the nicest skill
Selective, those that blend in harmony,
And raised as if by the magician's art,
The gothic pile, magnificent and chaste
In any lightness, yet unrivall'd strength,
Beauteous in parts, majestic as a whole.
Pleiskin! the fancy wakens as the sense
Glowes at thy noble features, and the mind
Is carried back to those remote times,
When superstition imaged in his power
*The Danish King, with more than mortal
strength,

* The author is mistaken in calling the person, to whom this fabled exploit is attributed, *the Danish King*. The pretensions of the renowned Fingal to this honour are undisputed in Ireland, every peasant, there, knowing that the giant Fin McCumhal, or McCool (the common name of Fingal) erected the stupendous fabrick here alluded to, and that Fin McCool was an Irish giant, we hope the author will not deny, or at least that he will not be so imprudent as to dispute the fact with the peasants afore said.

With more than mortal attributes endow-
ed;
Whose mighty feet, dashed back the
foamy ea,
Whose mighty arm uprear'd the pillar'd
rocks,
And fixed the everlasting boundary
Of Erin's lovely Isle.

ODE TO IDLENESS.

GODDESS of Ease, leave Lethe's brink,
Obsequious to the Muse and me,
For once endure the pain to think,
Oh sweet insensibility!

Sister of Ease and Indolence,
Thou Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Beneath some ozier's dusky shade,
There let me sleep away dull hours,
And underneath let Flora spread,
A sopha of her sweetest flowers.

Whilst Philomel her notes shall breath
Faith from the neighbouring pine,
And murmur from the stream beneath
Shall flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O Idleness, the woes
Of life we patiently endure,
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
We shun thee, but to make thee sure.

For who'd endure War's storm and blast,
Or the hoarse thundering of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee. A.

AN ELEGY.

IN these fair climes where summer's gen-
tle gales,
Shake sweetest odours from their dewy
plumes,
Silent I ramble thro' the lonely vales
When pensive evening brings her twilight
glooms.
Where'er I turn, I gaze with mute sur-
prise,
Here careless nature sports in every part,
Unzones her beauties to admiring eyes,
And with new transport thrills th' insatiate
heart.

Here silver streamlets glitter thro' the
grove,
And softly murmur as they pour along;
From tree to tree the feathered songsters
rove,
And the sweet woodlark thrills her eve-
ning song.